

ELBE LOST AT SEA

Four Hundred People Perish Miserably.

ONLY TWENTY SAVED.

Cut Down by the British Steamer Crathie.

Awful Panic Ensues—The Ill-Fated Boat Sinks a Few Moments After the Crash—Passengers Caught in a Trap by the Inrush of Water—The North Sea the Place, Early Wednesday Morning the Time, of One of the Most Frightful of Maritime Disasters.

The North German Lloyd steamer Elbe, Capt. von Gossel, from Bremen Wednesday for New York via Southampton, was sunk in collision with the British steamer Crathie, bound from Rotterdam for Aberdeen. There were about 400 persons on the Elbe, 240 of whom were passengers, 160 officers and crew and a number of the cattlemen who were returning to the United States. Twenty-two survivors of the wreck have been landed, and a few others may still be afloat in a lifeboat. All the others were lost. The disaster occurred before daylight Wednesday morning at a point some thirty miles from the Hook of Holland.

The Elbe was steaming at her usual rate of speed and keeping the ordinary lookouts. The night was dark, but there was no gale. Suddenly the forward lookout on the Elbe reported that the lights of

men and terror-stricken children hurried to the starboard side, but they had scarcely reached the boats when the huge vessel lifted her bows high in the air, and then slowly and silently sank, stern foremost, beneath the waves, taking with her her human freight.

Barely twenty minutes elapsed between the collision and the sinking of the steamer. A heavy sea was running and the wind, which was from the east-south-east, was bitterly cold. It is said the Crathie looked only to her own safety, and steamed to Maas Louis, Holland, in only slightly damaged condition.

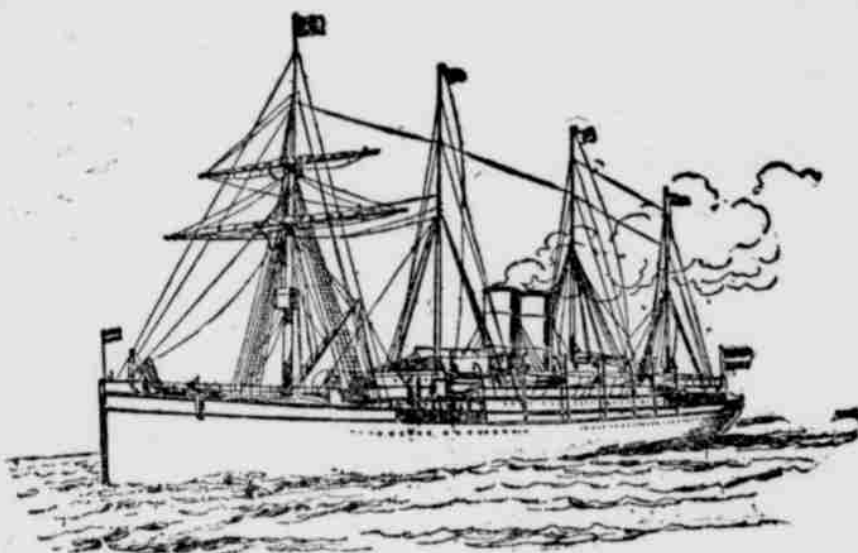
Sufferings of Survivors.
The small boat containing the survivors tossed about until 11 o'clock in the morning. Several vessels were sighted in the meantime, but they made no reply to the signals that were set for them. The survivors were nearly frozen, having hardly any clothing, and their suffering was intense.

Eventually the fishing smack Wild Flower saw the signals and bore down on the boat. In a short time the survivors were taken aboard of her, where everything possible was done for their comfort.

There being a difference of opinion as to the number of boats that were launched, the agent of the company employed a steamer to proceed from Lowestoft to the scene of the wreck and search for any of the survivors that may be afloat. The German vice consul purchased a quantity of clothing for the survivors and did everything in his power to relieve their distress. The rescued are now at the sailors' home at Lowestoft and the Suffolk Hotel at that place.

Passengers Were Panic-Stricken.
The account of the disaster published by the London Daily Graphic says that the officers of the Elbe were unable to calm the excited steerage passengers after the collision. It is known that three boats were launched. One of them was swamped before anybody entered it. The other two boats got away, each containing about twenty persons.

Anna Boecker, a passenger from Southampton, laid in the bottom of the boat which rescued her, partly immersed by water for five hours. Not a complaint was made by her.



NORTH GERMAN LLOYD STEAMSHIP ELBE.

a steamer were close aboard over the port bow. Before the course of the Elbe could be changed the approaching steamer struck her just abaft the engine-room, going through her plates as though they were pasteboard and striking her nose almost completely through the hull of the Elbe. For a time the Crathie held the Elbe on her nose, but then her engines were reversed, and she backed out of the aperture she had made. As she did so the water rushed into the Elbe in a torrent and she began immediately to settle.

The officer in charge at once saw that she was doomed, and gave orders to clear away the lifeboats. Three of the boats were lowered, but one of them capsized, and it is thought that all occupants were drowned.

No Chance for Saloon Passengers.

As soon as the Crathie backed away the rushing water flooded the aft of the engine-room so quickly that nobody below decks on that part of the ship had an opportunity to escape. The shock of the collision was comparatively slight in view of the damage done, but this is explained by the fact that it was a direct, cutting blow.

Nearly all the passengers were asleep at the time, but many of them were awakened by the shock, slight as it was. They could hear the rush of the rapid inflowing water, and with cries of terror sought to make their way to the upper deck. The steamer being loaded by the stern, water naturally rushed aft, and this allowed many of the passengers forward to reach the deck.

In the case of the saloon passengers, however, the result was fatal. As they rushed from their staterooms into the saloon they were met by the torrent, against which it was impossible for them to make headway. They were caught up and swept aft toward the cockpit, where they were probably drowned before the ship foundered.

Altogether about fifty of the passengers reached the deck, where the wildest confusion existed. Wild rushes were made for the boats, but the terrible excitement prevailing impeded the efforts of those who were trying to clear them away. Many heartrending scenes were witnessed between parents and children in

The North German Lloyd steamship Elbe was built in Glasgow in 1881 and has been running since its construction in the regular North German Lloyd service between New York and Bremen by way of Southampton, although it was for a time in the North German Lloyd service between New York and the Mediterranean. The Elbe was a first-class steamship of over 4,500 gross tonnage; it was commanded by Capt. von Gossel and had a full and efficient crew aboard. The steamship had accommodation for 120 first-class cabin passengers, 130 second cabin passengers, and 900 steerage passengers. The vessel was built by the Fairfield and was considered a staunch and good sea boat. It was four masted, had 5,600 indicated horse-power, which gave it a speed of from 13½ to 17 knots an hour, and it had two smokestacks. Its waterline length was 418 feet, its beam was forty-four feet, and the depth of its hold was thirty-six feet five inches.

MUST FIGHT THEM ALL.

Mexico Finds the Central American States Are United Against Her.

A telegram from Guatemala verifies the rumors that the confederation of the Central American republics has been formed. Minister Arries of Honduras, Minister Gomez of Nicaragua, and Estupinas of



GEN. JOSE M. REYNA BARRIOS.

San Salvador have individually offered the co-operation of their countries to Guatemala. In the event of war with Mexico, Central America will stand united to repel any invasion from Mexico. The Costa Rica Minister arrived soon after the meeting with President Barrios of Guatemala, and is of the same mind as the others of the Central American republics. The war cloud hangs heavy over Mexico to-day. It looks as though Mexico has no recourse left but to declare war against the federation of Central America.

Gen. Barrios, President of the Republic of Guatemala, is about 42 years of age. He assisted, when but 18 years of age, in the revolution that founded the liberal principles in Guatemala. Since then he has been closely identified with the history of the country, and in 1892 was made its President. During his term of office the city of Guatemala has been connected with the Pacific Ocean by railway. The outcome of the trouble between his country and Mexico is being anxiously awaited.

Dickens affirms that "all good ends can be worked out by good means. Those that cannot are bad; and may be considered so at once and left alone."



—Texas Siftings.

A MESSAGE OF LOVE.

Now, Mercury wears a suit of gray, And his twisted stick he has given away For a bag slung over his shoulder. While the feathery wings have left his feet, Yet he hurries along on his daily beat, Though the weather grows colder and colder.

He brings me a letter from her to-day. Now what in the world will my lady say?

My mind is in wild disorder As I tear the dainty paper apart. When out falls a blood-red velvet heart, With a row of pins for a border!

Well, I pick up the pretty, useless thing, And love it, for here did her fingers cling;

Yet I cannot choose but wonder Is it an emblem, a symbol true; Will she pierce my heart so, through and through, Till its depths are torn asunder?

I think how a harsh word hurts and stings; I think of a thousand hard, cruel things; For one gains with love, and loses. Then I think of my dear one's sweet, pure face,

And my heart again at her feet I place— Let her plant there just what she chooses!

And her pin-cushion—why, without a doubt, The pins were meant to be taken out! How blind I have been, and stupid! So this is the message she sends to-day: She will take each sting from my heart away.

And undo the work of Cupid! —Bessie Chandler in Harper's Bazar.

NETTIE'S PARTY.

"Stop! Stop! Wait a minute! I'm going to have a valentine party," shouted Nettie Small, to attract the attention of the girls and boys swinging their bookbags, talking and laughing on their way to school.

"Oh, oh! How nice!" from the girls. "Hurrah! What fun!" from the boys. "It's going to be real cute!" Mamma says we might try to make somebody happy on that day and all the year; and she's going to help us. She says that each one of us must write on a little piece of paper what he would be willing to do, real truly, you know, and send it to my house before the party, and—well, I'm not going to tell you any more about it."

But I'm afraid that the idea was not a pleasing one generally, for on St. Valentine's eve only four boys and three girls appeared at the party. But they made more noise and fun than a regiment, Aunt Patty said.

Mamma Small had prepared the party room, and a little later the door was thrown open.

In the center stood Grandma Small's great "Swifto" filled with eight skeins of yarn, the ends of which were held in grandma's hand, and on one side was a table with such tempting dishes of oranges, cakes and goodies as to make the hungry boys cast very longing glances toward it.

First the yarn must be wound, and Bob Murch, being the eldest, was invited to select one from the many threads held in Grandma Small's hand. Then he began to wind—backward, of course.

What awkward work he made of it! The girls laughed at him. The boys called him old Poky! He dropped the ball, and it rolled around all the table legs. Bob crawled after it, and bumped his head right under the orange dish. Off tumbled the yellow balls, and what a scurrying catch the precious things.

The "Swifto" were upset and there was danger of breaking up the party, but fortunately Mamma Small came to the rescue and helped Bob to the end of his skein, where was tied his "valentine." Mamma Small opened it, and read for him aloud:

"I will do lame Sally Bonny's chores in the mornings!"

"Oh, dear—if 'tain't too cold!" cried Bob, rubbing his bumped spot and looking rueful, for he disliked to get up early.

"If 'tain't too cold?" No, no! you've got to, anyway, cold or hot, so there!" shouted Tom Parsons.

Then it was Tom's turn. He was deft of hand, and soon came to Valentine number two.

"I will learn to sew and knit and be handy, so to help mother. She has to work so hard for me!"

"Girl-boy! Girl-boy!" shouted Bob. "I don't care, I will—see if I don't!" declared Tom, stoutly.

Now Nettie took an end. Her skein was snarly, but her patience held out, and at the end was the promise:

THE MODERN ST. VALENTINE.

"I will try to keep a soft tongue!"

"Good! good!" cried grandpa, pounding his cane on the hearth.

Nan White next whirled the Swifts and got:

"I will not quarrel at home and abroad, and keep my hands clean."

So the Swifts spun round, amid dancing and shouting, bringing to Sukey Allen's hand the valentine:

"I will wate upon gramma and grampa without grumbling."

To Tim Akers:

"I will lead blind Johnny Rich to church every pleasant Sunday."

To Milly Flint:

"I'm a-goin' to turn over a new leaf and be so good that nobody will know me no more."

"Stick down the corner, Milly!" cried grandpa, shaking off his glasses with laughter.

Then came the last skein, and fly-away Jack Mills began it. His ball was one-sided and "wobbly," the children said, but the promise was straight enough:

"I won't kick if another boy tries to crow over me!"

How they all shouted! Grandma clapped her hands softly, and grandpa drummed his cane harder than ever, making old Dan bark till the room rang.

With each "valentine" was given a present—a silk muffler to Tim, a work-basket with thimble, scissors and needles to Tom, perfumed soap and a nail brush to Nan, and so on.

I will not say that there were not some failures, for a year is a long time, but I do know that the children's hearts grew warmer, larger and more kindly in this loving, helpful service to others.—Youth's Companion.

VALENTINE'S PRANKS.

Carrie Careless' History of the Loving Saint—A Picnic for the Girls.

Valentines are provided for all. Like the rain, they may descend upon the just and upon the unjust. They are to be found in every style and every variety. Beautiful valentine souvenir spoons are seen, and they are out of the ordinary run of spoons, in that the end of the handle is in the form of a cupid, and cupids chase each other around the twisted wire of which the handle is formed. In the bowl of the spoon fancy letters give forth the legend, "The Saint of Love," and upon the reverse of the bowl there are engraved the initials of her who gives the spoon and her who takes it.

Very few people, writes Carrie Careless, go through with the old form of valentine sending, and there is little use, then, for the display of the fancy colored paper with the pretty verse within and figures done in fancy paper work upon the outside. But ever so many people who have not permitted themselves to grow hard and unsentimental love to remember the day by some little token, to indicate that St. Valentine has left traces of his love in their hearts.

Perhaps you have heard the legend of St. Valentine, but if you have not, here it is in as small a nutshell as such a saint could be well condensed: St. Valentine lived long ago. An emperor ruled him, and the emperor, whose name was Claudius, became very jealous of St. Valentine, or Fr. Valentine, as he was then called. And one day Claudius cut Fr. Valentine's head off, and banished his remains, so that nobody should know that he had been beheaded.

"Now, why did Claudius do this?" you ask. Well, he did it because Fr. Valentine became so great a favorite with young people that Claudius was not in their affections at all.

"But how did Valentine make himself



YE OLDEEN TIME.

such a favorite?" you still query. Why, how, indeed? How do you suppose? How does any man, or woman either, for that matter, become solid with young people? Why, by helping along their love affairs, to be sure, and by giving them every op-

portunity to be alone and talk it over. Now, Fr. Valentine was a born match-maker, and he was always busy making matches. If he saw two young people looking at each other with sheepish eyes, he cast his toga over his head and sat still, never stirring for five minutes.

And so Fr. Valentine got himself disliked by the Emperor Claudius, and after Claudius had cut his head off the young people canonized him, and, upon the good old saint's birthday, would exchange lit-



IN THE KITCHEN.

tle love tokens, just to keep his memory green. The people who had known St. Valentine when on earth told their children about him in after years, and their children told their children's children, and so it has come down to us through many children of children.

Do not, then, despise the little bit of sentiment which prompts people to remember each other on Valentine's Day, because of all the festivals of the year it is the one which plays most sweetly upon the heartstrings of all. In the postoffice one sees many a maiden and many a matron, many a young man and many a banker stopping for a moment in front of the parcel window to drop in a package, all too precious to be entrusted to the careless hands of messenger and office boys.

It is the girls in this progressive age who do much of the giving. The young men do, of course, the greater part of it, but it is not considered unwomanly for a girl to make her admirers presents of small mementos, and, therefore, the



"JACK MUST NEVER SUSPECT IT COMES FROM ME."

girls go to the full latitude which is allowed in this direction.

In sending valentine mementos, the dear girls prefer to disguise their hand-writing, because a valentine gift is a love gift, and no mistake about it. And so, with papa's stub pen in hand and one of Jack's big plain envelopes, they direct the little token which carries with it the pretty little message which no man, who is a man at all, would misconstrue or take advantage of.

Cupid's Day.

Sing hol sing hey! For Valentine's day, When birds their mates are choosing; When maidens fair With furtive air Fond missives are perusing.

The jolly saint With pen and paint, Sly Cupid's work is doing; His skill he shows In verse and prose, To help along each wooing.

The postman groans With aching bones, And thinks it quite a blunder, That love-sick swains Indite such strains For him to stagger under.

But maidens gay And widows gray, And lonely bachelors forlorn, Still own his power And bless the hour When good St. Valentine was born. —Good Housekeeping.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

AN INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE LESSON.

Reflections on an Elevating Character—Wholesome Food for Thought—Studying the Scriptural Lesson Intelligently and Profitably.

Lesson for Feb. 10.

Golden Text—"It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish." Matt. 18: 14.

Christ and the children is the subject this week, Matt. 18: 1-14. In this lesson there stands a little child in the midst. It is a wholesome object lesson for the Christian worker. Let the impression that is made by the servant of the Lord be always that of a little child in the midst. After all we are very much influenced by the atmosphere or temper. After the words have passed, after the thought and its utterances are gone, the spirit of the lesson, the impression made, is left behind. The impression made, silent and mysterious, is the effective resultant of it all. We were speaking to a sagacious business man the other day about a notable pulpit orator. "Yes, eloquent," he said, "but somehow he makes me feel wary and cautious, as though I dared not trust him, a strange pervading sense of insincerity." Just or unjust, that impression discounted all the good things said. Be careful about the spiritual atmosphere; that is, about the heart.

"Who is the greatest?" It is not the language of Canaan. The disciple has not yet learned the vocabulary or the thought of the kingdom. "Whosoever shall humble himself—same is greatest."

Lowest—highest. The word humble, literally means to bend low. It does not mean lack of spirit, or absence of force and fire. Strength itself is God-like.

It means the surrender of our strength to a higher power, and the merging of our strength in his. To give all to God is to love all of God. "Whosoever shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me." And are they so near to him as that? Rather are we so near? Evidently Christ cares for the little ones, the little, helpless, unthinking ones. Why, to care, in his name, for them is to care for him! Without doubt (see Mark 9: 36) this was but a babe, an innocent, trusting babe. They are all Christ's, through the shedding of his precious blood, and to be good to them for his sake is to be good to him. Some one said, "Whenever you lay your hand on a child's head you are laying it on its mother's heart." And on Christ's, too.

And now he turns to speak of one of these little ones, growing up into childlike trust in him. To "offend" such or cause such to stumble and fall away from their simple childlike confidence is the worst of sins. Indeed, there is nothing sadder than to see the artless trust of childhood yielding to the guile and deceit of earth and its false counsel. Whatever comes between us and the simple faith of childhood, be it hard or foot or might well be plucked away, rather than that we should lose the sweetness of such early love and confidence.

And, yet, remember, it is the lost that are saved, these only. And so, speaking of the little ones, Christ says at once, "The Son of Man is come to save that which was lost." It is not child sweetness that saves, nor adult earnestness. It is the blood of Christ. For that he came into the world; for that he is still abroad in the world; like a good shepherd, seeking to save, not willing that any should perish. Give all to him; give yourself.

Hints and Illustrations.

Do what Jesus does in this Scripture, set a little child in the midst. Study that temperament and disposition which is most conducive to religious impression, gentleness, humbleness, sincerity, simplicity, these are the strongest attributes for well-doing. Of God himself it is said, "Thy gentleness hath made me great." To be strong and yet gentle, to be great and good, these are the qualities of the highest helpfulness. Be true to the central thought and motive of the kingdom—simple kindness and well-doing. The Sunday school teacher requires this spirit. A little child in their midst means much of patient meekness when things go wrong, and it is the little child in their midst, apparent to pupils and all, in the teacher's demeanor, that wins at last, when all other things fail. It is certainly the spirit for the scholar. To be a disciple or a learner one must first become as a little child. It is the student spirit, preeminently so. And somehow this docile, childlike disposition accomplishes results beyond all expectation.

It is as a child that one enters the doorway of the kingdom. "Except ye be converted and become as little children," they asked the little one what made him think that the great God would care for such a little thing as she. "He says he will, and that's enough," was the reply. Take him at his word, trust him for his grace. Here is the way into the gates. "Be gentle, it is better far To rule by love than fear."

Next lesson—"The Good Samaritan." Luke 10: 25-37.

Figs and Thistles.

Nothing but constant trust in God can give us perfect rest.

The devil is generally close by when the preacher trades horses.

It is not the last drink that makes the drunkard, but the first.

The important thing is not how long we are going to live, but how.

When you go to church to pray for a revival, don't do it on a back seat.

The devil's principal work is to make wrong people think they are right.

God never sends danger to any man to whom he has not first given courage.

When you want a fresh blessing, get on your knees and thank God for the last one.

The devil is willing to stand by the preacher when he can take a hand in the music.

If some people couldn't find anything to hide behind, they would be always on the run.

An infidel is a man who builds a house without windows, and then blames God because he has to live in the dark.



SCENE OF THE DISASTER.

"Where the Elbe, on her way from Bremen to Southampton, was struck by the Crathie, from Rotterdam for Aberdeen. Lowestoft—Fishing port where the survivors were landed."

the few moments preceding the sinking of the vessel. Meanwhile the cry was raised on the doomed vessel for the women and children to go over to the other side of the steamer, away from the port side, in which was the great gaping hole caused by the Crathie. The half-sinking wo-